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House in which Butler was born.



SAMUEL BUTLER, the celebrated author of "Hudibras," was born at the village of Strensham, near Pershore, in Worcestershire; and the house where he first saw the light is still called Butler's tenement. Of this house the above engraving is a correct view; and there are, we suspect, few admirers of the works of Butler (and whoever reads must admire them), that would not, if travelling in Worcestershire, step a few miles out of the way to see the birth-place of a man "whose name," as Dr. Johnson observed, "can only perish with his language."

The precise day of Butler's birth is not known, but it is supposed to have occurred early in 1612, as he was christened on the 14th of February, in that year. his father's rank in life is variously represented; some state that he was wealthy, and others that he was an honest farmer with a small estate; it seems equally doubtful whether his son had the benefit of a college education, though it is most probable he had not, for it can hardly be imagined that he was six or seven years at college, as some of his biographers state, with so little distinction as to leave his residence uncertain.

Butler was for some time clerk to a

justice or peace, and here, no doubt, he became acquainted with those legal technicalities of which he makes such good use in his burlesque and satirical poem of "Hudibras;" he never appears to have practised the law, but marrying a widow lady of good family, lived upon her fortune and his own literary talents, which were very niggardly remunerated. When his "Hudibras" appeared, the King quoted, the courtiers studied, and the whole party of the royalists applauded it; but praise was the author's sole reward; and although Clarendon gave Butler reason to hope for places and employments of value and credit, yet no such advantages did he ever obtain. Notwithstanding this discouragement and neglect, Butler prosecuted his design, and published, in 1678, a third part of "Hudibras," which, however, still leaves the poem imperfect and abrupt. Butler is said to have lived for some time in Rose-street, Covent-garden, and also that he died there in 1680, which is not improbable; but, as Dr. Johnson observes, "the mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor."

PLACE VENDOME.

DEGRADING A FRENCH SOLDIER.

(For the Mirror.)

THE open spaces in Paris are either denominated *Markets, Halls, Carrefours, or Places*. The attributions of the former are known by their names, the *Carrefour* is the intersection of three or four Streets, as the *Carrefour de Bussy* in the Faubourg St. Germain. A *Place* is what we call a Square, but this denomination would but ill suit nearly all the *Places* in Paris, which would defy Euclid himself to assign them a geometrical figure, being determined solely by the caprice of the builders, who too often resembled the Madrid architects, and built houses on the site that pleased them, without any regard to symmetry or their neighbours. There are only four regular *Places* in Paris—the *Place Vendome*, the *Place des Victoires*, the *Place Royale*, and the *Place Louis XV*.

The *Place Vendome* was built during the reign of Louis XIV., from plans approved by the Minister (Louvois), the form is a regular quadrangle, with the corners cut off octagonally. In the original plan these angles were intended to form so many Streets, leading from the *Place*, and their being closed, affords a singular proof that the *Grand Monarque* who said, "*The State!—It is me!*" was, notwithstanding all his pride, obliged to submit to the will of his Minister; but as soon as Louvois was dead, the first order Louis gave, was to build upon the open spaces left in the angles of the *Square Vendome*; observing, I can have my own way now about the *Square*. The houses are all built regularly, and it was formerly adorned with a fine statue of Louis XIV. On the spot was erected an altar to liberty, and a monument to Marat, during the Revolution, and Napoleon, after the battle of Austerlitz (which he gained with the army intended to invade England) ordered a column of bronze to be erected there in honour of the *Grand Army*, and to be made of the cannon taken in the campaign.

When we look at this column and the non-descript figure erected by "the Ladies of England" in Hyde Park, of cannon taken in the *Spanish campaign*, we sigh for the silliness of all who projected and directed the silly monument, and the still more silly inscription, for a figure which resembles, at a little distance, Don Quixote with sugar-loaf legs, brandishing Mambrino's helmet in guise of a shield. The column in the *Place Vendome* was built on the model of Trajan's Pillar at Rome, under the direction of the celebrated Baron

Denon. The column is decorated with bas-reliefs running in a spiral form the whole length of the shaft, and representing the principal scenes of the campaign of 1806. In casting the bronze plates the Baron Denon found many imperfections, which he was at a loss how to remedy, he at length hit upon a plan that succeeded completely, and with which he was greatly delighted, regarding it as an important discovery, of which the merit was exclusively his own; but there is nothing new under the sun! The Baron was destined to receive a still greater pleasure than that of his discovery, from a source which would have been a severe mortification to a mind less exalted than his own. He became possessed of a small antique statue of the Greek school, in which he found that the defects in casting had been remedied by precisely the same means with that he had invented. The Baron displayed with a feeling of pride and pleasure the statue to those of his visitors whom he found able to appreciate the singular coincidence.

The column was formerly surmounted by a colossal statue of Napoleon, but the Marquis de Montbadon, to show his loyalty to the Bourbons, had a rope put round its neck; and as a numerous mob wished, on such an occasion, to display their hatred of the fallen "Usurper" the rope was extended above one hundred yards on the ground, to afford loyalty a pull, and loyalty did pull, and it was a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Unfortunately the statue would not come down at their bidding; but if the statue would not fall, loyalty did; for those at the end of the rope pulled those nearest the statue completely off their legs, and there they hung dangling from the rope, fit emblem of the demerits of most of them, they clung tight, but those behind in no wise relaxing in their efforts, many of them dropped down, and their fractured limbs gave them time for reflection in the hospital.

There are, however, various versions of the story relating to the mutilation of this column, for so the Gothic act of despoiling it of the statue of Napoleon must be called.

In a work upon the column of the *Place Vendome*, written by M. Tardieu, the author accuses M. Launy, the founder of the column and statue of Napoleon, which surmounted it, of having offered his services to take down the latter, and of having afterwards broken it to pieces, and remelted it. M. Launy has just published a refutation of this calumny, which he says made him an object of universal horror. This refutation is accompanied

by justificatory documents, the authenticity of which is incontestable. The following is M. Launy's account of the transaction:—"On the 3rd of April, 1814, M. Montbadon called on me, and asked me if I was not the founder of the column and statue of the Place Vendome. On my replying in the affirmative, he told me that I was required to take down the statue, being the only person who knew how it was fixed upon the column. This I refused to do, and he went away, stating that he would return with an order to compel me. The next morning he came back, and presented me with an air of triumph a written paper, which on perusing, I found to concern him alone, and as my name was not mentioned in it, I again refused. He then took me in his carriage to the hotel of a general officer, in the Rue Taitbout, No. 18. This person, whom we found in bed, addressed me in a harsh and haughty manner, and on my once more refusing to do what was required of me, he told me that if I did not obey, I should be shot, and added, 'I give you three days to think of it.' Finding myself thus coerced, I demanded that the statue should be left in my possession as a security for 80,000 francs, still due to me. This was acceded to, and at the general's request I repaired to the head quarters of the Emperor of Russia, where the following order was put into my hands:—

'In execution of the authorization given by us to M. de Montbadon to have the statue of Bonaparte taken down at his cost, and upon the declaration of the said M. de Montbadon that M. Launy, the founder of the column, is the only person capable of doing it successfully, we order the said Launy, under pain of military execution, to proceed without delay to the said operation.

(Signed) 'DE ROCHECHOUART,
'Colonel Aid-de-Camp of the Emperor of Russia, Commandant of the Place.

'Head-quarters, April 4, 1814.'

At the head of this order was written
'To be immediately put into execution.

(Signed) 'PASQUIER,
'Prefect of Police.'

M. Launy then goes on to state that he showed the utmost respect to the statue in taking it down, and did not, as was falsely asserted, attach a rope round its neck. During Napoleon's sojourn at Elba numbers of persons, both natives and foreigners, came to M. Launy's foundry to see the statue. On the return of the Emperor the statue was given up to the Government, but on the second return of the Bourbons it was broken to pieces, and the

bronze employed in making the statue of Henry IV., which has been erected on the platform of the Pont Neuf.

At the Place Vendome the soldiers condemned by the criminal tribunal to the galleys are degraded, and the regiment in garrison is brought out and lines generally two sides of the Square. The criminal is then brought forward, his sentence read in the centre of the Square, and his uniform stripped off in the presence of all the troops; he is then led blindfold down the lines, and between the front and rear rank, dragging a bullet after him. This is frequently a heart-rending scene, not only for the culprit, but the troops on duty, where the party has formerly borne a good character, and it is pleasing to find invariably on those occasions that sympathy disdains to inquire into circumstances. A man who has worn the livery of honour is stripped of it, and instead of shedding his blood in defence of his country is doomed to pass, perhaps, the rest of his life as a galle slave. As soon as the painful ceremony is over the populace run to the poor fellow and give him the unasked mite to soothe, by the purchase of a few comforts, the horrors of his degraded existence.

What a contrast between the composition of the English and the French armies! Of the former, we may say with Sheridan in the Critic, "where stands the youth whose crimes have stamped him soldier." In France, any young man in the nation is susceptible of being drawn in the ballot and serving as a private soldier; but then he has the marshal's staff in perspective, and he has the pride of knowing, that no man convicted of a crime or a misdemeanor is ever permitted to disgrace the uniform of the brave. This composition of the French army accounts for the good fellowship and familiarity existing between the soldiers and officers, which make an English officer stare, and cry out against the shameful insubordination, which, however, only exists in his own limited and imperfect view of the organization of the French army.

ARACHNE'S PETITION.

It chanc'd upon a cleaning day,
Sometime about the month of May,
An eight-legg'd weaver did espie
The fatal broom was drawing nigh,
"Ah, me! I fear a dreadful doom,
How can I save my life and loom?
My lengthen'd work, they plainly see,
No hiding place is left for me:
Save Polly Sift, no friend have I
Upon whose faith I dare rely;
Her mistress has my work espied,
Else Polly had never me decied,

Besides to her, some labour less,
 I know the truth she will confess :
 She thinks her mistress over nice
 To serve us like the rats and mice.
 I'll thank her for the favours past,
 And beg her clemency to last.
 O Poll ! thy mercy now extend,
 My trembling limbs before thee bend ;
 O, screen me ere it be too late,
 Nor wanton kill and call it fate :
 Thou mayst have sisters in distress,
 Friends and relations, more or less ;
 While they the frowns of fortune bear,
 Mayst thou the garb of pity wear.
 The last remaining branch, ah ! me,
 That here did peace and plenty see ;
 A fruitful and a numerous band
 Around their drap'ry did expand,
 Brothers and sisters full sixteen,
 Within this fortnight have I seen
 Crush'd to the ground ; of life bereft,
 No social tie of friendship left ;
 My aged parent and his wife,
 And last thou seek'st my wretched life.
 I see the broom approaching fast,
 I dread with fear the die is cast.
 Though prejudice the adage brings,
 That spiders carry venom'd stings,
 'Tis no such thing I must declare—
 Then shun us not, ye lovely fair.
 Though call'd a vile unseemly crew,
 We ne'er do aught to injure you,
 But strive to live without offence,
 Though oftentimes flies provoke defence.
 And these we labour to destroy,
 That they your peace may not annoy.
 Industrious habits claim our time ;
 We build, nor ask for stone or lime,
 Nor claim a fee for our designs,
 Or ever sip your tea or wines,
 Like noisome flies whose tribes abound,
 And tease you with their buzzing sound ;
 Nor like your parrot's canting chat,
 Or treach'rous as your favourite cat.
 Your great grandmother held it good,
 And used our werts to stop the blood ;
 Its healing pow'r did ease impart,
 Nor sought the surgeon's skillful art.
 Thrice three of us, when bruise'd, they say,
 Will charm the ache far away ;
 And many virtues yet unknown,
 May be found out when we are gone.
 When first you did uprear the bed,
 A filament we o'er it spread ;
 Behold ! you cried and thank'd our pains,
 An omen this of future gains.
 Then why thus treat us with disdain ?
 Since nature form'd no race in vain,
 We neither life nor webs regret,
 If we in peace pay nature's debt.
 Besides we, too, with open eyes,
 When all is hush'd, save cricket cries,
 Nor sound is heard of hinge or latch,
 Creep out, and are your nightly watch.
 To warn thee by our tic, tic, tic,
 That time is passing very quick,
 Lest mis-spent hours should swell th' amount,
 And bring thee to a just account ;
 Men for their virtues meet reward,
 But, ah ! for insects death is hard.
 Their keenest feelings who can tell ?
 To them as though a giant fell.

But why should I complain of fate,
 Since monarchs that have rul'd a state,
 When envy's broom was lifted high,
 Were swept from thrones and doom'd to die.*
 In vain, alas ! Arachne's pray'r,
 The fatal besom cleaves the air,
 And now had laid the suppliant low,
 But fate preserv'd her from the blow :
 Just in the nick, a lengthen'd note
 From some poor Savoyard's tuneful throat,
 Did on the maiden's ear alight,
 And fill her bosom with delight ;
 Enraptur'd with the pleasing sound,
 She dropt the besom on the ground,
 Straight to the open casement flew,
 Where the sweet warbler met her view,
 For passing time no thought or care,
 She listen'd to the plaintive air.
 Arachne, trembling, search'd the ground,
 And safety in a crevice found.

C—.

ON POLITENESS.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is something so extremely pleasing in the very nature of this nearly *half* virtue (if the reader will allow the phrase) that it seems to varnish over even the blemishes of men's characters ; and although it does not exactly put a gloss on the deformity of vice, it almost appears to diminish its depravity.

A celebrated Author has defined Wit, "the seasoning of Reason," and Politeness may, perhaps, without impropriety, be called the seasoning of Good-nature—it is to a good heart what wit is to good sense—an addition of inexpressible delicacy and grace—the one to reason, the other to goodness. Politeness is an agreeable and delicate manner of speaking and acting ; answering to *urbanitas*, or *morum elegantia* with the Romans ; it consists, properly, not merely, in saying and doing nothing which may give offence, but also in saying and doing every thing that can prove agreeable, and while civility principally regards the *matter* of our conduct, politeness respects also the *manner* of it. It is, however, highly proper to distinguish between true and false politeness ; the former is always modest and unobtrusive ; unostentatious, when doing a kindness, it rather conceals it, and practises the most amiable qualities, not from a solicitude of being taken notice of, but from suavity of disposition alone ; while on the other hand, false politeness is servile, flattering, ambitious of praise, and rather desirous of obtaining applause by mean assiduities than the performance of worthier actions ; more studiously exact in punctilious ceremony, than anxious to deserve esteem and win the heart by gentleness and benevolence.

Politeness can only be attained by long acquaintance with the world, and a careful attention to the usage of the best company—no particular instructions alone will form it in our manners—for they can neither include every thing that is necessary to be regarded, nor communicate a capacity for practising it; but besides the artificial aids of a knowledge of the world, and an imitation of the most polite models in society, there are some natural qualifications requisite to complete the character of a polite man; these are, a great share of humanity, good humour, a quick perception of what is most proper in all circumstances, and a delicate way of saying and doing accordingly—and this may be done without the least obsequiousness, which, as it too plainly bespeaks insincerity to be mistaken by the most indifferent judge, will disgust rather than please. An honest frank opinion generally proves more agreeable than a studied compliment, because it carries an unaffected and genuine air about it, for when a person praises with too much ingenuity, we suspect he rather aims at our good opinion of himself than testifies his own of us.

The company of the ladies it is commonly admitted is the best school of politeness; and without it, no man can expect to be even tolerated by them, as they would sooner pardon even his want of sense than his want of manners. He can never expect to be agreeable with the ladies who, although possessed of intrinsic worth and a fine understanding, is deficient in that agreeable address, that genteel and easy behaviour which so eminently distinguish the well-bred man.

Politeness is nearly the most advantageous character we can have; there is no other sort of merit which pleases so universally; but every body is fond of the acquaintance of a polite man. Without this amiable quality there is no living in society, for it creates both love and esteem, and carries at least the appearance of many considerable virtues.

JACOBUS.

WONDERFUL INSTANCES OF FECUNDITY.

(For the Mirror.)

An elm, one year with another, yields 329,000 grains or seeds, each of which, if properly lodged, would grow up into a tree: now an elm ordinarily lives 100 years, consequently, in the course of its life, it produces near 33,000,000 seeds, all which arise from one single seed. The same elm, by frequently cutting off its head, &c. might be brought to produce

15,840,000,000 seeds, and consequently, that there are so many actually contained in it. This is shown by M. Dodart in his discourse on this subject in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences*. M. Petit is said to have found in the carp 342,144 eggs; and Lewenhoeck in a cod of a middling size 9,384,000. Dr. Baster says he counted 12,444 eggs under the tail of a female lobster, besides those that remained in the body unprotruded. The following is an experiment of M. Lyonet on the generation of a moth which comes from the chenille a brosse—out of a brood of 350 eggs, that he had from a single moth of this kind, he took 80, from which he got, when they arrived at their perfect state, 15 females; from whence he deduces the following consequence: if 80 eggs give 15 females, the whole brood of 350 would have produced 65; these 65, supposing them as fertile as their mother, would have produced 22,750 caterpillars, among which there would have been at least 4,265 females, who would have produced for the third generation 1,492,750 caterpillars, M. de Geer counted in the belly of a moth 480 eggs, reducing these to 400, supposing one-fourth only of these to be females, and as fruitful as their mother, they will give birth to 40,000 caterpillars for the second generation; and for the third, supposing all things equal, four millions of caterpillars.

“It is not surprising, therefore (says Adams on the Microscope) that they are found so numerous in years which are favourable to their propagation. But the Creator of all things, has for our sakes limited this abundant multiplication, by raising up hosts of enemies, who, besides sickness, &c. destroy the superfluous quantity.” In the milt of a jack 10,000 animalcula were discoverable, in a quantity not bigger than a grain of sand, exactly in appearance like those of the cod fish. Upon viewing the milt of a living cod fish (with a microscope) such numbers of animalcula with long tails were found therein, that at least 10,000 of them were supposed to exist in the quantity of a grain of sand. Whence Lewenhoeck argues that the milt of that single cod fish contained more living animalcula than there are people alive upon the face of the whole earth at one and the same time. But with this immense fecundity, Bently says, “God could never create so ample a world, but he could have made a bigger; the fecundity of this creative power never growing barren; nor being exhausted.” Ray, the naturalist says, “Some of the ancients mention some seeds that retain

their fecundity 40 years; and I have found that melon seeds after 30 years, are best for raising of melons." There is no end to the fecundity of seeds.

* Each seed includes a plant; that plant, again, Has other seeds, which other plants contain; Those other plants have all their seeds; and those, More plants, again, successively enclose. Thus every single berry that we find, Has, really, in itself whole forests of its kind. Empire and wealth one acorn may dispense, By seeds to sail a thousand ages hence; Each myrtle-seed includes a thousand groves, Where future bards may warble forth their loves.*

P. T. W.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 404, Vol. V.)

MUSIC IN EUROPE.—THE TROUBADOURS.

DURING the dark ages no work of genius or taste in any department of science seems to have been produced in any part of Europe; and except in Italy, where the cultivation of music was rather more the object of attention, that art was neglected equally with all others. There has always been observed a correspondence in every country between the progress of music and the cultivation of other arts and sciences. In the middle ages, therefore, when the most fertile provinces of Europe were occupied by the Goths, Huns, Vandals, and other barbarous tribes, whose language was as harsh as their manners were savage, little perfection and no improvement of music is to be looked for. Literature, arts, and refinements, were encouraged more early at the courts of the Roman pontiffs than in any other country; and owing to that circumstance it is, that the scale, the counterpoint, the best melodies, the dramas, religious and secular, the chief graces and elegances of modern music, have derived their origin from Italy. In modern times, Italy has been to the rest of Europe what ancient Greece was to Rome. The Italians have aided the civilization of their conquerors, and enlightened the minds of those whose superior prowess had enslaved them.

Having mentioned counterpoint, it would be improper not to make one or two observations on an invention which is supposed to have been the source of great innovation in the practice of music. Counterpoint, or music in parts, seems to be an invention purely modern. The term harmony meant in the language of antiquity what is now understood by melody. Guido, a monk of Arezzo in Tus-

cany, is, in the general opinion, supposed to have entertained the first idea of counterpoint about the year 1022: an art which, since his time, has experienced gradual and imperceptible improvements, far exceeding the powers or comprehension of any one individual. The term *counterpoint*, or *contra punctum*, denotes its own etymology and import. Musical notation was at one time performed by small points; and the present mode is only an improvement of that practice. Counterpoint, therefore, denotes the notation of harmony or music in parts, by points opposite to each other. The improvements of this important acquisition to the art of music kept pace at first with those of the organ; an instrument admirably adapted to harmony: and both the one and the other were till the 13th century employed chiefly in sacred music. It was at this period that secular music began to be cultivated.

Before the invention of characters for time, music in parts must have consisted entirely of *simple counterpoint*, or note against note, as is still practised in psalmody. But the happy discovery of a time-table extended infinitely the powers of combined sounds. The ancients had no other resource to denote time and movement in music except two characters (— ∪), equivalent to a long and a short syllable. But time is of such importance in music, that it can impart meaning and energy the repetition of the same sound: without it variety of tones has no effect with respect to gravity and acuteness. The invention of the time-table is attributed by almost all the writers on music of the last and present century to John de Muris, who flourished about the year 1330. But in a manuscript of John de Muris himself, bequeathed to the Vatican library by the Queen of Sweden, that honour seems to be yielded to Magister Franco, who appears to have been alive as late at least as 1083. John de Muris, however, who there is some cause to believe was an Englishman, though not the inventor of the *cantus mensurabilis*, did certainly by his numerous writings greatly improve it. His tract on the *Art of Counterpoint* is the most clear and useful essay on the subject of which those times can boast.

In the eleventh century, during the first crusade, Europe began to emerge from the barbarous stupidity and ignorance which had long overwhelmed it. While its inhabitants were exercising in Asia every species of rapine and pious cruelty, art, ingenuity, and reason, incessantly civilized and softened their minds. Then it was that the poets and songsters,

known by the name of *Troubadours*, who first appeared in Provence, instituted a new profession; which obtained the patronage of the count of Poitou, and many other princes and barons, who had themselves cultivated music and poetry with success. At the courts of their munificent patrons the Troubadours were treated with respect. The ladies, whose charms they celebrated, gave them the most generous and flattering reception. The success of some inspired others with hopes, and excited exertions in the exercise of their art; impelling them towards perfection with a rapidity which the united force alone of emulation and emolument could occasion. These founders of modern versification, constructing their songs on plans of their own, classical authority, either through ignorance or design, was entirely disregarded. It does not appear, however, during the cultivation and favour of Provençal literature, that any one Troubadour so far outstripped the rest as to become a model of imitation. The progress of taste must ever be impeded by the ignorance and caprice of those who cultivate an art without science or principles.

During almost two centuries after the arrangement of the scale attributed to Guido, and the invention of the time-table ascribed to Franco, no remains of secular music can be discovered, except those of the Troubadours or Provençal poets. In the simple tunes of these bards no time indeed is marked, and but little variety of notation appears: it is not difficult, however, to discover in them the germs of the future melodies, as well as the poetry of France and Italy. Had the poetry and music of the Troubadours been treated of in an agreeable manner by the writers who have chosen that subject, it would have been discovered to be worthy of attention: the poetry, as interesting to literature; the melody to which it was sung, as curious to the musical historian.—Almost every species of Italian poetry is derived to the Provençals. *Air*, the most captivating part of secular vocal music, seems to have had the same origin. The most ancient strains that have been spared by time, are such as were set to the songs of the Troubadours. The Provençal language began to be in favour with poets about the end of the tenth century. In the twelfth it became the general vehicle, not only of poetry, but of prose, to all who were ignorant of Latin. And these were not the laity only. At this period *violars*, or performers on the *vielle* or viol, *juglars* or flute-players, *musars* or players on other instruments, and *comics* or comedians, abounded all

over Europe. This swarm of poet-musicians, who were formerly comprehended in France under the general title of *jongleurs*, travelled from province to province, singing their verses at the courts of princes. They were rewarded with clothes, horses, arms, and money. Jongleurs or musicians were employed often to sing the verses of Troubadours, who themselves happened to be deficient in voice or ignorant of music. The term *Troubadour*, therefore, implies poetry as well as music. The *jongleurs*, *menetriers*, *strolers*, or *minstrels*, were frequently musicians, without any pretensions to poetry. These last have been common at all times; but the troubadour or bard has distinguished a particular profession, either in ancient or modern times, only during the early dawnings of literature.

In the thirteenth century the songs were on various subjects; moral, merry, amorous: and at that time melody seems to have been little more than plain song or chanting. The notes were square, and written on four lines only like those of the Romish church in the cliff C, and without any marks for time. The movement and embellishments of the air depended on the abilities of the singer. Since that time, by the cultivation of the voice, modern music has been much extended, for it was not till towards the end of St. Louis's reign that the fifth line began to be added to the stave. The singer always accompanied himself with an instrument in unison.

(To be continued.)

Miscellanies.

HURRICANE IN JAMAICA.

MR. BECKFORD in his description of the Island of Jamaica, after having dwelt at some length upon the general effects of the hurricane on the 3rd of October, 1780, thus eloquently paints its horrors:—"When the night was past, and our minds hung suspended between the danger we had escaped, and the anticipation of what we might expect to ensue; when the dawn appeared as if unwilling to disclose the devastation that the night had caused; when the sun-beams peeped above the hills, and illumined the scene around—just God! what a contrast was there exhibited between that morning and the day before! a day which seemed to smile upon Nature, and to take delight in the prospect of plenty that waved around, and which produced, wherever the eye could gaze, the charms of cultivation, and the promise of abundance; but which

fallacious appearances, alas! were to be at once annihilated by that extensive and melancholy view of desolation and despair in which the expectations of the moderate, and the wishes of the sanguine, were to be so soon engulfed.

The horrors of the day were much augmented by the melancholy exclamation of every voice, and the energetic expression of every hand: some of which were uplifted in acts of execration; some wiped the tears that were flowing from the eye; while others considering from whence the visitation came, were seen to strike their breasts, as if to chide the groans which it was impossible to restrain. An uncommon silence reigned around: it was the pause of consternation; it was a dumb oratory, that said more, much more, than any tongue could utter. The first sounds proceeded from the mouths of the most patient of Nature's creatures—from the melancholy cow that had lost its calf, and with frequent lowings invited its return; from the mother ewes, that with frequent bleatings recalled their lambs, which were frisking out of sight, unconscious of danger, and unmindful of food; and which solemn and pathetic invitations, after such a night, the contemplation of such a scene, and the disposition of the mind to receive pathetic impressions, came home with full effect to those who had suffered, but who wished not to complain!

If the distresses of the feathered tribe be taken into this description, their natural timidity, their uncertainty of food, of shelter, and domestic protection, be duly considered; trifling as these observations may appear, they certainly help to swell the catalogue of distress, to awaken the sigh of sensibility, and to teach us, that their existence and their end are in the hands of the same Creator.

The morning of the 4th of October, presented us with a prospect, dreary beyond description, and almost melancholy beyond example; and deformed with such blasted signs of nakedness and ruin, as calamity, in its most awful and destructive moments, has seldom offered to the desponding observations of mankind. The face of the country seemed to be entirely changed: the valleys and the plains, the mountains and the forests, that were only the day before most beautifully clothed with every verdure, were now despoiled of every charm; and to an expected abundance and superfluity of grain, in a few hours succeeded sterility and want; and every prospect, as far as the eye could stretch, was visibly stricken blank with desolation and with horror. The powers of vegetation appeared to be

at once suspended; and instead of Nature and her works, the mind was petrified by the seeming approach of fate and chaos.

The country looked as if it had been lately visited by fire and the sword; as if the tornado had rifled Africa of its sands, to deposit their contents upon the denuded bosom of the hills; as if *Ætna* had scorched the mountains, and a volcano had taken possession of every height. The trees were up-rooted, the dwellings destroyed; and in some places not a stone was left to indicate the use to which it was once applied. Those who had houses, could hardly distinguish their ruins; and the proprietor knew not where to fix the situation of his former possessions. The very beasts, of all descriptions, were conscious of the calamity: the birds, particularly the domestic pigeons, were most of them destroyed: and the fish were driven from those rivers, and those seas, of which they had before been the peaceful inhabitants. New streams arose, and extensive lakes were spread, where rills were scarcely seen to trickle before; and ferry boats were obliged to ply where carriages were used to travel with safety and convenience. The roads were, for a long time, impassable among the mountains: the low-lands were overflowed, and numbers of cattle were carried away by the depth and impetuosity of the torrents; while the boundaries of the different plantations were sunk beneath the accumulated pressure of the inundation.

THE SILK WORM

Is hatched by the heat of the sun from eggs laid by a lively moth in the preceding year; its food are leaves of mulberry, in which tree it lives in warm climates. Shortly after it attains its full growth, it winds itself in its silky web attached to one of the leaves, and in this cone of silk is converted into a lifeless chrysalis; in a few days the chrysalis produces a lively and delicate moth, which eats its way out of the cone of silk, flutters its wings for a few days, lays eggs for future supplies of silk-worms, and then dies. The size of a cone of raw silk is about a pigeon's egg in bulk, and it will measure a quarter of a mile.

PARSON.

THOUGH we write *parson* differently, it is but *person*; that is, the individual person set apart for the service of such a church; and it is in Latin *persona*, and *personatus* is a personage.—Selden.

Ancient Crosses, Sandbach, Cheshire.



THE period when the ancient crosses at Sandbach were erected is uncertain, but it is supposed they were raised on the very spot where one of the four priests that attended Peda out of Northumberland, first preached the gospel in that part of Mercia after his conversion to Christianity, in the year 653. The crosses are, undoubtedly, the most perfect, and probably the oldest remains of Christian antiquity in the kingdom: both the crosses are almost covered with figures; the larger one is nearly occupied with scriptural subjects. On the lowest part of the east side, within a circle, is the salutation of Elizabeth by her cousin Mary; above this circle is the annunciation, with the Holy Ghost descending upon the blessed Virgin Mary, in the form of a bird, with extended wings; a little above this is the birth of Christ, a child in swaddling clothes; on each side is an ox looking into the manger, behind is an angel, whose wings overshadow the whole; immediately above the head of the angel, is the crucifixion, at the foot of the cross is Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene; in each quarter formed by the transverse of the cross, are the emblems of the four evangelists; in the upper dexter-quarter there is an angel for St. Matthew: the opposite, a lion for St. Mark; in the lower dexter-quarter, is a bull for St. Luke; in the last, an eagle for St. John;

above the cross is Pilate seated in the judgment hall; in front of him is Christ bound; over the head of Christ is a man with his head downwards: presumed to be the fall of the traitor Judas; still higher up are the implements of the passion, the hammer, pincers, &c.; at the top are two figures of men much mutilated. On the west side of the cross is a plain cross; in the lower quarters are two dread fiend-like animals in the act of biting the transverse part of it, one of their tails are fretted, gnawed, and terminating with a snake's head, in an angle, formed by the foot of the cross sloping off to each side in chevron form; the tail of the other is mutilated; the upper quarter is guarded by two angels, now much mutilated: still higher up, and separated from the angels by a cross bar, is the angel Gabriel appearing to Zachary in the temple, where he is seated on a chair, struck dumb; above them is a man walking with a club in his hand, and followed by Simon the Cyrene, carrying over his shoulder the cross; above this is Christ bound by the hands with a cord, which extends over the shoulders of a man in front, who is dragging him before Pilate; above are four mutilated figures of men. The south side from the top, about one-third downwards, is composed of beautiful filligree work, crossing and intersecting each other, while one of the ends termi-

nates in an animal, the other runs to the bottom in an undulating line, interspersed with branches, and animals of the non-descript kind; in the midst is a man, probably John the Baptist, in the wilderness. The north side is occupied with the descent of the Holy Ghost, in shape of cloven tongues on the apostles, they are placed in narrow cells, in a double row from the bottom, to about three quarters of the way up; it is remarkable to observe that the division on which each stands is cut off at one hand, so as not to touch the sides, leaving an uninterrupted communication between the whole, which is not observable in any other parts; the uppermost figure is leaning over the upright division, and looking down upon the figures on the opposite side from that on which he stands, whilst the cloven tongues immediately over his back and head, issues from the mouth of a figure, not unlike a fish, whose tail runs in an undulating line to the top: this cross has been surmounted with a sculptured stone four feet in diameter, now much mutilated, but sufficient remains to tell us, it was once circular.

The north side of the small cross is divided into a double row of cells, in each a figure of a man, all in the act of walking, some with short daggers in their hands, others without, which, in all human probability, represented Peda setting out for Mercia with all his nobility and attendants into Northumberland to solicit the hand of Alchflida, king Oswy's daughter. On the west side is a triple group of figures in small cells, some kneeling and some standing, at the bottom are angels looking upwards to the group, whilst above them are three figures, with a dove descending upon the left shoulder of the centre one, this possibly represented Peda with his attendants receiving the sacred laver of regeneration in the front of baptism; the parts above this are mutilated. On the south side are the like figures and cells as on the north, with this difference, that instead of the cells being square over each of their heads, they are on this as well as on the west side, invariably arched, and instead of daggers, they are now travelling with staves in their hands. The east side is divided into five lozenge compartments, but originally there was more; the interstices are occupied with figures of men and animals: in the uppermost lozenge is the figure of a bull with his head reflected on his back; in the top part of the next lozenge, is the figure of a man with his hands stuck in his sides, and his legs extended from one side to the other, in the base are two men endorsed;

the next is partly mutilated, but appears to have been filled with something of the reptile kind; the next two are each filled with a man with a club in his hand: the whole of the subjects on the east and west sides of this cross are enclosed within a margin of fret work, laced, gnawed, and indented, one over another, in various patterns, and of most exquisite design and workmanship, but so much mutilated, that it requires the nicest examination to trace out their various turns and twistings; at each angle of both the crosses, the cabal moulding, a well known Saxon ornament, runs from the bottom to the top.

The time when the larger cross, and the upper part of the smaller was pulled down, is equally as uncertain as their erection; great violence has been used in pulling them down, as is clearly discernible on reference to the engraving, where the large cross in its fall has torn away the greatest part of the socket-stone, in which it had been firmly fixed, on the opposite side from that on which it fell, when it broke into several pieces, the bottom part was split up the middle with wedges, and long served to protect the sides of a neighbouring well; other fragments were placed as steps for door-ways, and at the corners of walls, to protect them from carts; others were, in the memory of some of the old inhabitants, buried in the foundations of the church-yard wall; the middle part of the large cross, and several portions of the smaller one, were transported from Sandbach to Tarporley, and from Tarporley to Oulton, where they served to adorn a grotto, at one end of a garden, with the four following lines in old English letters, cut on one of the fragments belonging to the small cross, but now covered up with Roman cement:—

* With awful steps approach this shrine,
Sacred to Druids erst divine;
Here ancient Virtue still preserve,
Nor ever from its precepts swerve.*

Some years ago the inhabitants of Sandbach became anxious to have the crosses restored as far as possible, and the whole that could be collected being got together in the month of September, 1816, Mr. Palmer, of Manchester, to whom we are indebted for this account, was sent for to re-fix them. By the aid of George Ormerod, Esq., the historian of Cheshire, he was enabled to arrange the whole, and supply the deficiencies with new stone, as shown by the plain parts in the engraving, which gives a very correct view and idea of these remains of antiquity.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE ENGLISH IN ROME.

It is peculiarly fortunate for the Romans that their city still continues to attract foreigners; for, were it not for them, the working classes would never see a crown, nor the higher ranks acquire a new idea. Whence comes it, then, that the English, who form the immense majority of the foreigners who visit the "eternal city," are, with a few honourable exceptions, the objects of profound hatred to the people, and of ridicule to the good company of Rome? The two following anecdotes which came under my own observation, may serve to explain the sources and motives of this disposition of the inhabitants of Rome towards the English, who enrich them. There is in a small chapel in the town-house of Velletri a celebrated picture, which I went to see. At the gate I met four English travellers, one of whom, the son of a rich London merchant, spoke Italian fluently. We entered together, and were conducted by the porter through the apartments, and into the little chapel where the picture was to be seen. On quitting the place, the young Englishman, who spoke Italian, gave to the porter, for his companions and himself, a mezzo paolo, about five French sous. The porter, fired with indignation, overwhelmed the whole party with a torrent of imprecations; for in this country such have been the effects of three centuries of despotism, that the people have lost all respect for intermediate rank—they see only the Pope and his power. The Roman people respect a man only according to what he spends or gives. This is their general feeling, with the exception of the respect which they pay to the families of the Borghese, Ghigi, Gabrielli, Falconieri, and one or two others, whose palaces, filled with the wonders of ancient and modern art, are open to the public admiration.—The second anecdote I have to mention took place in the *Piazza d'Espagna*. An Englishman sent a fowling-piece to a gunsmith in the *Piazza d'Espagna* to be repaired. On its being sent back to him, the messenger demanded two crowns for the repairs; the Englishman found the sum exorbitant, got into a passion and refused to pay: the messenger gave him the fowling-piece but retained the ramrod, saying, with that perfect *courtois* remarkable in the Romans, and which lasts until they explode into the most violent anger, "that as his master had told him to receive two crowns,

he should take back the ramrod, and that the *Signore Inglese* might call at his master's shop and bargain with him. The Englishman accordingly went, accompanied by one of his countrymen, to the gunsmith's; a discussion took place, in the course of which the Englishman called the Roman a cheat; the gunsmith retorted by another insulting expression, when the other Englishman struck him with his whip. A young lad of sixteen, employed in the shop, on seeing his father thus maltreated, snatched up a cutlass and stabbed the Englishman in the thigh, who fell bathed in his blood. The young assassin fled. After the death of the Englishman, his countrymen in Rome, who visited at the Duke Torlonia's and a few other houses, gave free course to the most injurious reflections on the Roman character, and this while speaking to Romans in their own houses. Now would an Englishman have permitted himself to act towards an English gunsmith, as this ill-fated traveller did towards the armourer of the *Piazza d'Espagna*? Would an Englishman suffer foreigners at his table to declaim in the strongest and most offensive terms against the character of the British nation? Would an Englishman offer a mezzo paolo, or two-pence halfpenny, to the guide who should shew him through Hampton Court? It may be objected to what I have stated, that amongst the immense crowds of English who inundate Italy, there must be some not belonging to the better classes of society. But in the instances above-mentioned this was not the case: both the individual who gave two-pence halfpenny to the porter at Velletri, and those who went to the gunsmith's shop, were wealthy and undoubtedly belonging to the class of gentlemen. The real cause of such conduct is this: Englishmen, for what reason I know not, seem to think that they may act on the Continent, and particularly in Italy, in a manner that they dare not do in London. If you strike one of the lower classes in Florence, he will humble himself the more before you; for Florence, since the time of Cosmo II., has been a thoroughly aristocratic country. If you strike a Frenchman belonging to the working class, should he happen to have served in the army, he will propose a duel to you; as was the case some years ago with the driver of a cabriolet, who, on being struck by a Russian officer, very coolly took the cross of the legion of honour from his pocket, fixed it to his button-hole, and then returned the blow. A meeting with pistols was the consequence, and chance was, at least in this instance, on the side of justice; the insolent

aggressor fell. With this single exception you may strike a French workman with impunity. But such is not the case with the Romans; and it is for this trait in their character that I esteem that people.

New Monthly Magazine.

SUTTEES IN NEPAL.

Nepal Jan. 7th.—General Bheem Syre's eldest nephew, Vizier Singh, having been at Palpa, arrived at Nepal in the latter end of November, and on the 3rd of December died. The following day the body was burned, and along with it two of his wives and three slave girls; the latter, however, had not the honour of being burned on the same pile with their lord and master, but had a pile to themselves. The brother of the deceased, with his nephew in his arms, lighted the funeral fires—such being the custom! Suttees are not unfrequent in the valley. A curious one took place some months ago, of a woman burning herself with her seducer, who had been killed by her own husband. So much for religious ordinances!—[*Cal. John Bull, Jan. 19.*]

NILGHERRY HILLS.

After spending a few days very pleasantly at Calicut, I mounted my palanquin at daylight, and took the road to Coimbatore, in preference to another of only half the distance, but considered rather dangerous. A part of my way, indeed, lay through an extensive elephant-jungle, for which, however, I was well provided; my cavalcade, including bearers, amounting to at least fifty people: the greater part of these were armed with hunting spears, swords, and blunderbusses, so as to cut a very formidable figure, and I was almost sorry not to meet with an adventure, being so well prepared. My servants, with my light baggage, stumbled on an old elephant with her cub, but they fled on the firing of a gun. On the morning of the fifth day I arrived at the foot of the hills, and began the ascent in the middle of the next night. At day-break I found myself amidst all the charms of mountain-scenery—rocks and mountains, and woods and streams; and, after an ascent of some hours, reached a little station called Dinhutty, where a few Europeans have built cottages, to breakfast at ten o'clock. The thermometer, which below stood at 98 deg., was here exactly 30 deg. lower; and I was glad at night to get under two good blankets. I cannot describe to you the delight I felt at the change; I forgot that I had been ill, and,

notwithstanding my fatigues, was out all day, almost believing myself in England. The scenery at Dinhutty is exceedingly beautiful; the hills are very precipitous, and strongly resemble the paintings of Swiss scenery. The climate delicious; and there is so much in every respect resembling England, that one ceases to think one's self in India: I am sure I did, when I walked out with the ladies two miles to a three o'clock dinner in the month of May! After a few delightful days, I continued my ascent on horseback, about fifteen miles, to this place, called Ootacamund, about 2,000 feet above Dinhutty, and of course somewhat colder; the scenery, all the way up, grand and beautiful in the extreme. Here the country is different from that about Dinhutty, and I think I like it less: this may be described as a hilly country, at the top of lofty mountains, and we are very near the summit. Dodabet, the crown of the Nilgherries, rises just over our head here, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet above the sea. A great part of this consists of open downs, and gently swelling hills, rising one above another to a great height, covered with fine verdure, and occasionally broken by a rugged mass of rock. Here is no pestilential jungle or noxious marsh; beautiful little woods, as in England, are scattered over the country, and give to the whole aspect the appearance of a grand park, excellently well laid out, in some hilly country at home. These little woods fringe every ravine between the hills, through each of which, without exception, little crystal torrents rush down on every side. With the exception of the want of cultivation, every thing here is English; the woods are carpeted with strawberries, anemone, and violets; the white dog-rose, honey-suckle, and jessamine twine themselves over all the trees; and blackbirds and larks innumerable make the hills ring with their song: but the violets are shaded by groves of gigantic cinnamon and rhododendron, with its great masses of scarlet blossoms; and the song of the blackbirds is interrupted by the croaking of the monkeys, and the screams of the peafowls and jungle-cock. The whole, however is delightful.

It seems almost incredible that such a country and climate should exist so near the equator, and surrounded by such burning climes. In truth, all the people below are quite sceptical, and will not make the trial, except the civilians of Coimbatore. This region was not known till 1819, when the first visitors were pinched with the frost. The greatest advantage of the climate is its equality, the

temperature varying little after the monsoon has once changed. At this moment my hands and feet are so cold that I can hardly write; I am obliged to blow on my fingers, in a little close shut-up room, with curtains and all the apparatus of English apartments, except fire, of which I should be very glad. The thermometer before me now stands at 56 deg., at 11 in the morning; but the S.W. monsoon is just set in, and the hills are covered with mist and a drizzling rain. The mercury here never rises beyond 70 deg.; during May, the hottest month, it never exceeded that in the shade: so that the climate offers no obstruction whatever to European labour or enjoyment. The English here, including some farming and gardening men and their families, are all as stout, and strong, and healthy, and work just as hard, as at home; and the children with their fat rosy faces, are unparalleled in India. I am out all day wandering over hills and woods, quite enchanted. In the warmest days there is so fine an air, that no sort of inconvenience is felt; in short it is wholly European. The soil is deep and rich beyond measure; all European fruits, and vegetables, and flowers, vegetate luxuriantly; and nothing which England produces would fail here.

You will readily understand how I rejoice in having made this experiment, in preference to going to the eastward or to the Cape. *It answers all the purposes of a voyage to England; and I have written to some friends to suggest a subscription for an invalid bungalow, which might be managed extremely well. There is not, perhaps, a country to be found which nature has so fully prepared for the hand of man: one half of the wasted labours of the poor Algora people would have converted it into a paradise. Mr. Johnson, a man who has set up a large garden and farm here, under Mr. Sullivan's auspices, was a Cape settler: he is delighted with this country, and already furnishes large supplies of vegetables and seeds to the country below: the potatoes are equal to English.*

(*Asiatic Journal.*)

The Topographer.

No. XV.

ORIGIN OF THE METROPOLITAN NAME, AND VARIOUS PARTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

London, called by the Saxons *Lundenburgh*, takes its name from *Llyn*, a lake, and *Din*, a town, because formerly the

whole of the Surrey side of the Thames lay under water; and having the appearance of a lake, might have given rise to the name of *Llyn-din*, or the City on the Lake. This, most probably, was the original name; and that derived from *Llong*, a ship, and *Din*, a town, might have been bestowed when the place became a seat of trade, and famous for the concourse of shipping.

Westminster, from *Minster*, or Conventual Church and West; in opposition to the New Abbey on Tower-hill; that being East *Minster*, from being built East of London.

Southwark was called by the Saxons *Suthverke*, or the South Work, in respect to some fort or fortification bearing that aspect from London. It was also called the *Burg*, or *Borough*, probably for the same reason.

Lambeth is variously written *Lambhyde*, *Lamhyte*, &c. &c.—viz., a dirty station; from the circumstance of its being overflowed by the Thames.

The Adelphi is derived from a Greek word, signifying "a brother," it being built by two brothers.

Aldermanbury, from being the court-hall or Bury, as it was called, where the aldermen met previous to the erection of Guildhall, thence called *Alderman's Bury*. *Alderman* signifies *Aelder Man*, a man advanced in years, and accordingly supposed to be of superior wisdom and gravity.

Aldgate was originally *Eald Gate*, signifying Old Gate, it being one of the earliest gates that was built.

Barbican, or Watch-tower; belonging to every fortified place. That of London stood near the present street called *Barbican*: hence its name.

Basing Hall Street owes its origin to *Basing's Haugh*, or *Hall*, built by one of that name, now called *Blackwell Hall*, after Sir Ralph Blackwell, an eminent tailor, who founded the market for woollen cloth now held there.

Bell Savage Inn is a corruption from *La Belle Sauvage*, a beautiful woman, described in an old French romance, as being found in a wilderness in a savage state.

Blossoms Inn is named from the rich border of flowers which adorned the original sign, that of *St. Lawrence*. These were the effects of his martyrdom, "for (says the legend) flowers sprung up on the spot of his cruel martyrdom."

Bull and Mouth Inn is a perversion of *Boulogne Mouth*, or *Harbour*, which grew into a popular sign after the costly capture of that place by Henry VIII.

Bird Cage Walk (*St. James's Park*)

takes its title from the cages which were hung in the trees; belonging to an aviary adjacent, made by Charles II.

Bishopsgate Street owes its name to one of the gates of London, which stood near the end of Camomile-street: it was originally built by Erkinwald, Bishop of London, A.D. 675, and from him called Bishop's Gate.

Blackfriars proceeds from the fraternity of Dominicans, or Black Friars, who built a large house in that place.

Bow Church was originally built on arches—hence its name St. Mary le Bow, or *de arcubus*. The Arches Court derives its name from being formerly held in this church.

Bond Street, named after the proprietor—a baronet of a family now extinct.

Bridewell, springs from a well formerly in that neighbourhood, dedicated to St. Bride, or Bridget.

Bucklersbury.—One Buckle had a large manor-house of stone in this place, from whence came Buckles Bury.

Charing Cross.—Here formerly stood one of the crosses erected by Edward I., in memory of his beloved queen Eleanor. This being then a village called Charing, gave the name of Charing Cross.

Charter House, a corruption of *Chartreux* (a Carthusian friar), a priory for twenty-four monks of that rigid order having been founded on the spot where the gardens now are.

Cheapside received its name from Chepe, a market, as being originally the great street of splendid shops. In the year 1246 it was an open field, called Crown Field, from an inn (with the sign of a crown) at the east end.

Clerkenwell.—Here was formerly a well, at which the parish clerks of London were accustomed to meet annually, to perform their mysteries or sacred dramatical plays: hence the name Clerkenwell. In 1409 they performed the Creation of the World, which lasted eight days, and most of the nobility and gentry honoured them with their presence.

Conduit Street, from one of the conduits which supplied this part of the town with water.

Covent Garden, originally Convent Garden, being attached to a convent belonging to the Abbot of Westminster.

Coventry Street, from Coventry House, which stood at the end of the Haymarket.

Cripplegate owes its name to the number of cripples and beggars which formerly haunted that gate of the city.

Crutched Friars, from the House of the Crutched, or Crossed Friars, a fraternity which wore a large red cross on

their garments: hence "The Red Cross Knights."

Devonshire Square, from the mansion formerly there, belonging to the Earl of Devonshire.

Dowgate, or properly *Dwrgate*, or *Watergate*, where there was a ferry to join Watling-street with the military way to Dover. The Britons are supposed to have given it the name of *Dwr* or *Dwy*, water; and the Saxons added the word *gate*, which signifies away.

Drury Lane.—Near this place stood Drury House, the habitation of the great family of the Drury's—built by Sir Wm. Drury, K.G., from which it derived its title. It is singular that this lane, of later times so notorious for intrigue, should receive its title from a family name, which, in the language of Chaucer, had an amorous signification

Of batallie and of chevalrie,
Of ladies' love and druerie,
Anon I wol you tell.

Dukes Place (city) the great resort of the Jews, took its name from Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who, in 1562, had his residence here.

Eastcheap, from Chepe, a market, and East, the aspect it bears to the Chepe-side. This street was famous, in old times, for its convivial doings. "The cookes cried hot ribbes of beef roasted; pies well baked, and other victuals. There was clattering of pewter pots, harpe, pipe, and sawtrie." Evident marks of the jollity of this quarter.

Exeter Change is so called from being on the site of Exeter House, built by that great statesman the lord treasurer Burleigh, and named originally Burleigh House.

Finsbury Square, or rather *Fensbury*, from its being a large fen. This was the case in the days of the historian Fitzstephen. In his description of the pastimes of the Londoners, he gives an account of the awkward substitute for the skate. He says, "And when that vast lake, which waters the walls of the city towards the north, is hard frozen, the youth in great numbers go to divert themselves on the ice; some taking a small run, for an increment of velocity, place their feet at a proper distance, and are carried sliding sideways a great way.—Others will make a large cake of ice, and seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one's hands and draw him along, when it happens, that, moving swiftly on so slippery a plain, they all fall headlong. Others there are who are still more expert in these amusements on the ice: they place certain bones, the leg-

bones of animals, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow.

Gerard Street, from Gerard House, the residence of Gerard, the gallant Earl of Macclesfield.

Golden Square was formerly *Gelding Square*, from the sign of a neighbouring inn; but the inhabitants, indignant at the vulgarity of the name, changed it to the present.

Goodman's Fields, from farmer Goodman, who had a farm here—"at which farm I myself (says Stowe) in my youth, have fetched many a halfe-penny-worth of milk, and never had lesse than three ale pints for a halfe-penny in the summer, nor lesse than one ale quart for a halfe-penny in the winter, alwaies hot from the kine."

Hatton Garden, from the residence of the Lord Hatton's, built on the gardens belonging to Ely House, which were famous for strawberries: recorded by Hollinshed, who informs us, that Richard III., at the council held in the Tower the morning he put Hastings to death, sent to request a dish of them. Sir C. Hatton, the founder, was a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth, and by her interest he extorted the gardens from the Bishop of Ely, Richard Cox, who for a long time resisted the sacrilege. Her letter to the poor bishop was dictated in terms as insolent as indecent:—

"Proud Prelate! you know what you was before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, by *** I will unfrock you."

"ELIZABETH."

Haymarket, from what it still remains—a hay-market.

Holborn is corrupted from Old Bourne, one of the brooks which ran through London, and over which was Old Bourne Bridge, now Holborn Bridge: up to which the river Thames flowed through the Fleet Ditch, and brought barges of considerable burden.

Houndsditch was formerly a filthy ditch, into which was thrown dead dogs and all manner of filth—hence its name. Into it was thrown, as worthy of no better sepulture, Edric, the murderer of his master, Edmund Ironside, after having been drawn by his heels from Baynard's Castle, and tormented to death by burning torches.

King's Mews, from the buildings which formerly stood there, having been used

for keeping the king's falcons.—*Mews*, signifying cages, seems an odd name for stables.

Knight Rider Street is so named from the gallant train of knights who were wont to pass this way in the days of chivalry, to the gay tournaments at Smithfield.

Lamb's Conduit Street is derived from the conduit erected there by William Lambe, one of the gentlemen of the chapel to Henry VIII.

Lombard Street dates its origin from the Lombards, the great money-lenders and usurers of former times, who came from Lombardy, and settled in that street. The sign they made use of was the three gold balls, which the pawnbrokers use to this day.

London Wall explains its own origin, from there being, till within a few years, a long tract of the old wall of London standing on the north side of that street.

Long Acre takes its name from being built on a piece of ground called the seven acres.

Mary-le-bone, corrupted from Mary Bourne, a brook, which in the year 1238, furnished nine conduits to supply London with water; but the introduction of the New River superseded the use of conduits.

May Fair, from a fair formerly kept in May about the spot where the chapel now stands.

Millbank, from a mill which formerly stood there.

Minorities, is named from certain poor ladies of the Order of St. Clare, or Minor-esses, who were invited into England, by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, (wife to Edmund Earl of Lancaster), who in 1293, founded here a convent for their reception.

Moorgate, one of the gates of London, takes its name from the grounds beyond the wall being, in former times, an extensive marsh.

Newgate, also formerly a gate of the city, originally called Chamberlain's Gate. It was used as a prison, so long back as 1218, and for persons of rank, before the Tower was used for that purpose. In 1412 this gate was rebuilt by the executors of the famous Sir Richard Whittington, out of the effects he had allotted for works of charity; his statue with the cat, remained in a niche to its final demolition, on the rebuilding the present prison. The Gate was destroyed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt in its late form, whence it obtained the name of *New Gate*.

Old Jewry, derives its origin from the great synagogue which stood there till the

unhappy race of Jews were expelled the kingdom, A.D., 1291.

Pall Mall and The Mall, (St. James's Park), take their titles from being used as a walk, or place for the exercise of the Mall, a game long since disused.

Peerless Pool, was originally called Perilous Pool, from the number of youths who had been drowned in it while swimming.

Piccadilly, from Piccadilla Hall, built by one Higgins, a tailor, and so called, because he got his estate by making stiff collars, in the fashion of a band, then called Piccadillas or Turnovers, formerly much in fashion.

Queenthith, its original name was Edred's Hith or Harbour; in Henry the Third's time, it fell to the crown, and was called Hips Regince or the Queen's Wharf. It was probably part of her Majesty's pin-money, by the attention paid to her interest.

Shoreditch, takes its title, not from Jane Shore, as is generally supposed, but from its lord, Sir John de Sordich, a valiant knight, in the time of Edward III.

Soho Square, called originally after the Duke of Monmouth, who lived in the centre house, Monmouth Square, afterwards King Square, was subsequently named Soho Square, being the word of the day at the field of Sedgemoor. The name of the unfortunate Duke is still retained in Monmouth Street.

The Steel Yard, (Thames Street,) is not named, as might be supposed, from steel, the metal usually kept there, but from Stael hoff, contracted from Stapel Hoff, or general house of trade of the Germans, who formerly possessed exclusively this wharf, and there had their Guildhalsa Teutonicorum, or Guildhall of that nation.

Strand was originally an open highway, with here and there a great man's house, with gardens to the water's edge; hence the name.

St. Clement Danes, so called from being the place of interment of Harold the Harefoot.

St. John's Gate, is the only remaining part of a priory founded there by the Knight's of St. John of Jerusalem, whence the title, as well as that of "the Old Jerusalem Tavern."

St. Olaves, takes its name from the Danish Prince Olaf, who was massacred by his pagan subjects. The Abbot of Battle had a house in this parish, which gave the name to Battle Stairs: and the street called the Maze, from the luxurious intricacies in his magnificent gardens.

Temple Bar.—The Strand was for-

merly divided from Fleet Street, by nothing but posts, rails, and chains; hence the name of bar. From being near the house of the Knights Templars, (a religious military order,) it received the title of Temple Bar.

Threadneedle Street, having Merchant Tailors' Hall in it, decides its origin at once.

Tyburn, formerly the place of execution, does not receive its name from ty and burn, as if it were called so from the manner of capital punishments formerly; but from Tye its proper name, and Bourne, the Saxon word for brook.

Walbrook, took its name from Wal brook or River of Wells, which formerly ran in the place where the street now is.

Warwick Lane, from a house in it belonging to the Earl of Warwick.

Windmill Street, (Haymarket) from a windmill, which stood in a field on the west side.

CLAVIS.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

LAW AND PHYSIC.

If thou study law and physic, endeavour to know both and to need neither.

EPITAPH IN A CHURCH-YARD IN IRELAND.

HERE lies Pat Steele.—

That's very true:

Who was he? What was he?—

What's that to you?

DI DO DUM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*J*****s Lines to a Young Lady* are not sufficiently correct.—*W. M's verses* not spirited enough.

Mr. Gale's letter shall be noticed shortly.

We feel much obliged by *Mr. Bull's* contributions and offer.

The delny alluded to by *A. W.* does not arise either with the Editor or Publisher, but in the difficulty of carrying their object into effect.

An *Old Inhabitant of Tottenham* shall be attended to.

The drawing offered by *Justus* will be very acceptable; but we cannot promise the insertion of the article of which he offers the continuation, until we have the whole before us.

E's Ode to the Greeks is not sufficiently polished.

An offer like that of *L.* could not fail of being acceptable.

Numerous communications have been received, some of which are in type, and others are intended for insertion.

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